NUMB. CXVIII.

The SPECTATOR.

——Hæret lateri lethalis arundo Virg.

Monday, July 16. 1711.

THIS agreeable Seat is ſurrounded with ſo many pleaſing Walks, which are ſtruck out of a Wood, in the Midſt of which the Houſe ſtands, that one can hardly be weary of rambling from one Labyrinth of Shade to another. To one uſed to live in a City the Sweets of the Country are ſo exquiſite, that I could be loſt in a certain Tranſport which raiſes me above ordinary Life, and yet is not ſtrong enough to be inconſiſtent with Tranquility. This State of Mind I in, raviſhed with the Murmur of Waters, Whiſper of Breezes, the Singing of Birds; whether I looked up to the Heavens, down on the Earth, or turned to the Proſpects around me, filled with new Senſe of Pleaſure; when I heard the Voice of my Friend who walked by me, and had inſenſibly ſtroled into the Grove ſacred to the Widow. This Woman, ſays he, is of all others the moſt unintelligible; ſhe either deſerves to marry, or ſhe does not. What is the moſt ſurprizing of all, is, that ſhe does not either ſay to herſelf ſhe has any Reſolution againſt that Condition of Life in general, or that ſhe baniſhes Mankind; but conſcious of her own Merit, ſhe permits their Addreſſes without Fear of any ill Conſequence, or want of Reſpect, from their Rage or Deſpair. She has that in her Aſpect, againſt which it is impoſſible to offend. A Man whoſe Thoughts are entirely bent upon ſo agreeable an Object, muſt be excuſed if the ordinary Occurrences in Converſation are below his Attention. I call her the more perverſe; but, alaſs! why do I call her ſo? Her ſuperior Merit is ſuch, that I cannot approach her without Awe, that my Heart is checked with ſo much Eſteem: I am angry that her Charms make her more acceſſible, that I am more inclined to Love than ſalute her: How often have I wiſhed myſelf happy, that I might have an Opportunity of ſpeaking to her! and how often troubled in that very Moment, at giving her the Pain of being obliged! Well, I have led a miſerable Life in ſecret on her Account; but fancy ſhe would have conſidered to have ſome Regard for me, if it had been for that watchful Animal her Confident.

'All Perſons under the Sun (continued he, calling me by my Name) be ſure to ſet a Mark upon their Confidents: They are of all People the moſt impertinent. What is moſt pleaſant to obſerve in them is, that they aſſume to themſelves the Merit of the Perſons whom they have in their Cuſtody. This is a great Fortune, and in wonderful Danger of Surprizes, therefore full of Suſpicions of the leaſt indifferent thing, particularly careful of new Acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. *Themiſta*, her Favourite-Woman, is every whit as careful of whom ſhe ſpeaks to, and what ſhe ſays. Let the Ward be a Beauty, her Confident ſhall treat you with an Air of Diſtance; let her be a Fortune, and ſhe aſſumes the ſuſpicious Behaviour of her Friend and Patroneſs. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried Women of Diſtinction, are to all Intents and Purpoſes married, except the Conſideration of different Sexes. They are directly under the Conduct of their Whiſperer, and think they are in a State of Freedom while they can prate with one of theſe Attendants of all Men in general, and ſtill avoid the Man they moſt like. You do not ſee one Heireſs in a hundred whoſe Fate does not turn upon this Circumſtance of chuſing a Confident. Thus it is that the Lady is addreſſed to, preſented, and flattered, only by Proxy, in her Woman. In my Caſe, how is it poſſible that ——' Sir ROGER was proceeding in his Harangue, when we heard the Voice of one ſpeaking very importunately, and repeating theſe Words, "What, not "one Smile? We followed the Sound till we came to a cloſe Thicket, on the other Side of which we ſaw a young Woman ſitting as it were in a perſonated Sullenneſs juſt over a tranſparent Fountain. Oppoſite to her ſtood Mr. *William*, Sir ROGER's Maſter of the Game. The Knight whiſpered me, 'Hiſt, theſe are Lovers. The Huntſman, looking earneſtly at the Shadow of the young Maiden in the Stream, 'Oh thou dear Picture, if thou could'ſt remain there in the Abſence of that fair Creature 'whom you repreſent in the Water, how willingly 'could I ſtand here ſatisfied for ever, without troubling my dear *Betty* herſelf with any Mention of her 'unfortunate *William*, whom ſhe is angry with: 'But alas! when ſhe pleaſes to be gone, thou wilt 'alſo vaniſh—— Yet let me talk to thee whild 'thou doſt ſtay. Tell my deareſt *Betty*, thou doſt 'not more depend upon her, than does her *William*! 'Her Abſence will make away with me, as well as 'thee. If ſhe offers to remove thee, I'll jump 'into theſe Waves to lay hold on thee; her herſelf, her own dear Perſon, I muſt never embrace 'again—— Still do you hear me without one 'Smile—— It is too much to bear——' He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Words, but he made an Offer of throwing himſelf into the Water: At which his Miſtreſs ſtarted up, and at the next Inſtant he jumped acroſs the Fountain and met her in an Embrace. She half recovering from her

'Fright,

Fright, ſaid, in the moſt charming Voice imaginable, and with a Tone of Complaint, "I "thought how well you would drown your ſelf. "No, no, you won't drown your ſelf till you have "taken your Leave of *Suſan Holliday*. The Huntſman, with a Tenderneſs that ſpoke the moſt paſſionate Love, and with his Cheek cloſe to hers, whiſpered the ſofteſt Vows of Fidelity in her Ear; and cryed, 'Don't my Dear believe a Word *Kate* 'Willow ſays; ſhe is ſpiteful and makes Stories 'becauſe ſhe loves to hear me talk to herſelf ſo 'your Sake. Look you there, quoth Sir ROGER, do you ſee there, all Miſchief comes from Confidents? But let us not interrupt them; the Maid is honeſt, and the Man dare not be otherwiſe, for he knows I loved her Father: I will interpoſe in this Matter and haſten the Wedding. *Kate Willow* is a witty miſchievous Wench in the Neighbourhood, who was a Beauty; and makes me hope I ſhall ſee the perverſe Widow in her Condition. She was ſo ſlippant with her Anſwers to all the honeſt Fellows that came near her, and ſo very vain of her Beauty, that ſhe has valued herſelf upon her Charms till they are ceaſed. She therefore now makes it her Buſineſs to prevent other young Women from being more Diſcreet than ſhe was herſelf: However, the ſaucy Thing ſaid the other Day well enough, 'Sir 'ROGER and I muſt make a Match; for we are both 'deſpiſed by thoſe we loved: The Huſſy has a great Deal of Power wherever ſhe comes, and has her Share of Cunning.

However, when I reflect upon this Woman, I do not know whether in the Main I am the worſe for having loved her: Whenever ſhe is recalled to my Imagination my Youth returns, and I feel a forgotten Warmth in my Veins. This Affliction in my Life has ſtreaked all my Conduct with a Softneſs, of which I ſhould otherwiſe have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear Image in my Heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I eaſily forgive, and that many deſirable things are grown into my Temper, which I ſhould not have arrived at by better Motives than the Thought of being one Day hers. I am pretty well ſatisfied ſuch a Paſſion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had ſome whimſical Effect upon my Brain: For I frequently find, that in my moſt ſerious Diſcourſe I let fall ſome comical Familiarity of Speech or odd Phraſe that makes the Company laugh: However I cannot but allow ſhe is a moſt excellent Woman. When ſhe is in the Country I warrant ſhe does not run into Dairies, but reads upon the Nature of Plants; but has a Glaſs Hive, and comes into the Garden out of Books to ſee them work, and obſerve the Policies of their Commonwealth. She underſtands every thing. I'd give ten Pounds to hear her argue with my Friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT about Trade. No, no, for all ſhe looks ſo innocent as it were, take my Word for it ſhe is no Fool.

A Letter to a Member of the October-Club: Shewing, That to yield Spain to the Duke of Anjou by a Peace, will be the Ruin of Great Britain. Printed for A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane. Price 12 d.

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(who, for the better Attention to the Performance, an
Warmth of the Seaſon, have deſired that only 100 Tickets
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Muſick by Mr. Thomas Clayton, Author of Arthuſa; will be p
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James's Coffee-houſe.

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will begin to be ſold by Auction this Day, and continue till T
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ronage, Guillim's Heraldry, Howel's Hiſtory of the World
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